## GLORY OF THE PALM

Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Type of Christ's Triumph

OVER THE ENEMIES OF RIGHT

The Entry Into Jerusalem-A Lesson for Arbor Day-Thank God for the Truth and the Gospel.

BROOKLES, April to.—This day is recognized as Palm Sunday throughout the world, and that fact gave direction to Dr. Talmage's sermon. Among the hymnesung was hymnes was the hymnesung was hymnesung was hymnesung was hymnesung was

Clad to raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand.

Text, John xit, 13. "They took branches of pains trees and west forth to meet him." was that possible! How could paim branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any paim trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are pleuty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must The paim tree likes water, but by the cut-The paim tree likes water, but by the cut-ung down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become un-triendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Oli-vet was crowned with palma. The Dead sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some oldtime palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead sea.

Let woodmen spare the trees of America if they would not ruinously change the cli-mate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlesaness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Paim Sunday.

About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivi Jerusaiem to attend the religious festivi-ties. Great news: Jesus will enter Jeru-salem today. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession excerting Christ, as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem sud-denly bursts upon the vision.

denly bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vis-ion Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alex-ander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his ander role Bucephaius, Duke Elle role his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the con-queror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been fied at the roadside. It was unbroken, and I have no doubt frac-tious at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people griped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mounting.

The two processions of people now be-come one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The erientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices londer, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emo-tions more significant. The people who left Phocea, in the far east, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red het ball of iron and threw it into the sea, and said they would never return to Phocea until that bell rose and floated on the surface. He not sur prised, the d, therefore, at the demonstration in

As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contrioution to the scene of welcome and rejoic-ng. The branches of these trees are high ap, and some must needs climb the trees od tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves ar amerald pavement for the colt to tread on. Long before that morning the palm tree

had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the paim leaf cut in the walls of ineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors car-ried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, ried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while at least had palms are wn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasings, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnens calls it "the prince of vegetation."

Among all the trees that ever cast a

or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multi-tudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield ninety gallo of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sus-

Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want article f house furniture? It is twisted into mate net woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. entive of disease and the chief cure for tast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the bomes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starth and oil and sugo and milk and

GIVE US MORE PALM TREES.

Ob, the palm! It has a variety of enpents, such as no other growth that ever ments, such as no other growth that ever moted the earth or kinsel the heavens. To the william, God says, "Stand by the water neurons and weep," To the codar he says, "Gother the horricanes into your bosons." To the fig tree he says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the paint tree he says, "Be garden and to the paint tree he says, "Be garden and to rehouse and wardrobe and repewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what i meant when I inspired David, my servant, to my. The righteens shall fourish like a paint tree."

palm tree."

Oh. Lord Ged, give as more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions all abloom, branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wented they are ready to atterthem. If helpful decide are needed they are ready to perform them. If place of metaliness are to be laid out they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded they are ready to lift them. People who say "Test Test" when they are saked for assistance he word or deep. are asked for amintance by word or dees, astead of "No! No!"

Instead of "Not Not"

Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me, because I adjourn them; but bee mystery that really bothers me is why God rande so many people who amount to nothing so far as the weeks's betterment is consequed. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hadroner. They searcest possibilities of

fallure. Over the road of life, instead of illing in the trace, they are lying back breechings. They are the everlast ing No. They are bramble trees, they are willows, always mourning; or wild cherry willows, always mourning; or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter; or crab sp-ple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness.

But how little any of us or all of us ac-complish in that direction. We take twen-

ty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the afterpart of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little an angel of God needs to exert himself to see it atl.

THE COSPEL OF USEFULNESS.

Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests aseful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this springtime, and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What are thou doing there, little star? Why not shut this "What art thou doing up eyes and sleep, for who cares for thy ship-"No," saith the star, "I will not sep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no

time to sleep."

The snowlake comes straggling down.
"Frail, fickle wanderer, why comest thou here!" "I am no idle wanderer," responds the snowflake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no straggler, for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and the ingle fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toes me from your muffler and crush me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfill what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and, when my work is done and God shall call, in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the flery courses of the

"What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions and laws. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me substance from the soil and breath from the air, and he who clothes the illies of the field rewards me with this cost of

LESSONS OF THE CLOUDS.

"For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that like me they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At evening tide on the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron, and the purple, and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh

Oh, my friends, if everything in the inan-imate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the Old Testament says of it, to lessen my emphasis of what John, the evangelist, says of it in my text.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jeru-salem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that these stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap occed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So it al-ways was, so it always will be in this world-no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something

Brooklyn bridge, the glory of our conti-nent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his toils and the other for a lifetime invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring. the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratories that ever relied through the churches had, in their pathos, the sighs and groams of the composers, harmony. American Independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifefell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between which were the hemor-

THE KINGDOM OF GOD ADVANCES.

The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toit and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration

and thrown in his pathway.

To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more pic-turesque, the more memorable and the could we put our lives than into the sacri-fice for Christ and his cause and the hap-piness of our fellow creatures? Shall we cousness shall have triumphant way! Christ was torn down for us. Can we not ford to be torn down for him! If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afferd a few leaves from our branches to make emerald

his way! The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such band work to find the hymn to-day? He puts on any spectacies and boins the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his ares were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it.

I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need and his children should have no need and his children should have no need and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime, and that the wolf of hunger should never put its par on his decentil, and for forty or fifty years as has been tearing off from the pains troe of his physical strength and manify form branches to throw in the path way of his homeshold. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and syntight, and there have been twisted off more years from his life than any man is the cerewit on the forms. Palm Smoder twisted off

notes from the palm trees on the road m Bethpage to Jerusalem.
THE CAREWORN NOTHER

What makes that mother look so much older than she really in? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the foreinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. You, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and acrubbing and

Yea, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midn watchings, when none but God and he in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the pre-ceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was, and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the path-

Alas! that sons and daughters, them-selves so straight and graceful and edu-cated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungram-matical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you less patience with them because they are a little querulous and

complaining?

I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you
were getting over that whooping cough or
that intermittent fever. A little annoyed,
are you, because her hearing is poor and
you have to tell her something twice? She
was not always hard of hearing. When
you were two years old your first call for a
drink at midnight woke her from a sound
sleep as quick as any one will waken at
the trumpet call of the resurrection.

MATERINAL FIDELITY. complaining?

MATERNAL PIDELITY. Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoes? It is a paim leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locust, and how he were his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot today, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear?

It must be a leaf from the paim tree of your father's self sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he come to town, and because his manners are a little old fashioned try to smuggle him in and amuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor and say, "This

troduce him to the house of trod and in-troduce him to your pastor and say, "This is my father." If he had kept for him-self the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable a lord despeech that was unanswerable a ford de-risively cried out, "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yea," replied the man, "and did I not do it well?" Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree.

I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far most part moved on over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet, and they will strew all the way until we lie down in the same slumber. Self sacrifice! What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a coward. But when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and, though the waves were rough, the sa swimming with one arm, carried the child on the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all huzzaed at the scene of daring and self sacrifice.

A WIDOW'S HEROISM When recently Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript, which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it \$100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, shefelt would do immeasurable damage to public

morals.

With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself. "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the acript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her nome, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

the world. How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way! Self secrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race then churches to evangelize it. There is more deprayed literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them.

Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finner with mercy, when kneeding in his law like that when whether Charles to be any with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed the effect to come in waves and me. Indeed if beerined to come in waves and waves of liquid love. . Spencel like the breath of fied. I can reconsert distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with jey and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and until. I recollect, I cried out, I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. I said, 'Lord, I cannot been any more.' "And when a gentleman came into the office and said, 'Mr. Finner, respect to pain.' be resided. Mr. Finney, you are to pain?" be repli "No, but so happy that I cannot live." THE GLORIOUS PUTCHE.

My houses, the time will come when spen the whole church of God will descend met an avalanche of blessing, and then the intention of the warld to God will in a

matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on O Christi for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of ternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers, and our self tacrifices, and our contributions, and our consecrations, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming vic-

less this morning as did the brackites when, on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one paim tree, but of seventy paim trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells tains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present today. Indeed, it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when, our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands."

hands."
Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palin Sunday of the shies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestina, they have pincked the long, broad, green leaves and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splender like the morn, waving their palms!

Toast or bread and tea have much to answer for in the next world, if not in this. Two-thirds of the drunkenness among romen is due to the excessive use of strong tea. I was told yesterday that the increase of drunkenness among young servant girls in New York was alarming, and in each case I found that the girls were in the habit of keeping a teapet over the fire most of the time. This creates a form of stomach trouble that produces a "hankering or gnawing," the brain is excited and liquor is taken to relieve this pain, and in a short time seems almost necessary.

Do not for a moment think that I would not use either tea or bread, for I should

with a liberal supply of nutritious food. But not alone to take the place of good food, for they are inferior in food value. In large cities the tea drinker is, as a rule, woman, and it seems to do for her what a woman, and it seems to do for her what tobacco does for a man—produces a strong desire for alcohol. This is a question for our temperance people to think over. It has always been my opinion that if the community would spend a little more time studying food principles, and teaching the same to the intemperate class, saloons would soon close for want of support.

That tea and coffee excite and stimulate the nerrows system there is not a doubt.

the nervies system there is not a doubt; but many persons who would be shocked at a glass of whisky and soda before rising in the morning see no disgrace in strong tea, and still by it they are excited and flustered in their manner. Tea, in some, possesses no drawback; but such are the exceptions which prove the rule.—Table

The fact that all the so called "donbt-ful" states, whose vote is decisive in the election this year, are to cast their ballots in absolute secrecy, free from all espionage and intimidation, is one of momentous im-portance. The first and inevitable effect portance. The first and inevitable effect will be to lessen coormously the part which money will play in the contest. Every state in which money has hereto-fore been used most freely has adopted the new system. If votes be bought in those states hereafter the purchaser cannot follow the man whom they have bought to the polls to see if they keep their had bargain. The result will be the same in those states as it has been everywhere else under similar conditions—namely, very few votes will be bought.

This is a novel phase of a presidential canvass and election which both political parties will do well to take into consideration in selecting their campaign managers for this year. If money is no longer to be the controlling factor in the election, will the controlling factor in the election, will it be either expedient or wise to put a pro-fessional corruptionist in charge of the campaign of either party? On the con-trary, will it not be the highest political wisdom to put men of character in charge of all the committees, national, state, dis-trict and other?—Century.

Said a woman the other day, toying with the dainty kid bootees for baby feet, as she stood at a shoe counter: "I never see these but I think of a pair of little shoes which but I think of a pair of little shoes which are a family possession with us. They were made for an uncle of my mother, who was a baby seventy years ago. Save for the size there is nothing babyish about them, for they are a facsimile in miniature of the stout calf shoe which men of that any wore, even to the leather lacings. I feel a thrill of sympathy for the tender little feet they covered so long ago, for they must have been cruel protectors to the soft flesh, but at that time, in that place—it was in New Jersey—nothing else was obtains in New Jersey-nothing else was obtaina-ble, and mother has heard her grandmother tell how she sewed up pieces of felt in crude shoe shape when these strong boots chafed the buby feet. What a contrast to these shapely little things!"—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Very Mouraful Belled. Li Hung Chang has the grip.—Daily Papers. In the blosseming land of the broad Hwans.

Ho,
Where the seft, Celestial pigtails hang
The royal household is struck with weseThe influence's got Hung Chang.
Hung Gaang, viceroy of the sun and mee
And various astral real estate,
is wheening like a cracked bassoon—
Like a merely earthly potentate.

For many days must Li Hung lie low,
While pageds dectors give things to him
And pray to the joss at his bungalow
Or put him into baths and stow him.
The viceroyal temper is in a glow,
No mortal tway go near Hung Chang;
And the bulk of the natives are lying low
Lest the bulk of the natives are forced

O sun of the sun, and the cruscent mosa, And Jay Gould of the rest of the space, You're in for it now! Each night and noon You shall sneeze and sneeze till you're red i

Too stail one.

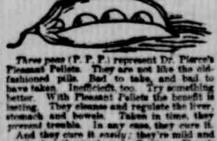
the face.

Like the Tang-ise-Kinng your eyes will run,
While other floods from your eyelds drip.

Oh, what butter the lot of a son of the sun

If the son of a gun has got the grip?

—Engone Field in Chrony Nove.



fashioned pills. Bed to take, and bail to have taken. Inefficient, too. Try something better. With Pleasant Pollets the benefit is issting. They electrone and regulate the liver, stemach and bowels. Taken in time, they prevent tremble. In any case, they cure it. And they care it easily; they re mild and gentle, but thorough and effective. There's no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. One tiny, sugar-examed Pollet for a layative—three for a cathartic. Sick and Rillous Hewdache, Constipation, Indigestion, Ristous Attachs, and all derangements of the liver, stematch and bewels are promptly reliaved and permanently cured.

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MARSHMALLOW SOAP

10 Conts Por Cake,

This soap is manufactured by Selen Palmer. New York. It is not made of tailow, but of French pomade. These permades are used in making Palmer's extracts for the handkerchiefs. After the oder is washed from them by means of spirits, the residue permade is manufactured into soap. Of course the supply of pounde is limited and the output of the soap small; but the quality is the best of any soap in the market, because the permades are composed of the fluest materials and are used for extracting the odor from the flowers. Back cake weighs five ounces. The sade are free from the sikaline nature so injurious to tender hands and faces. We have has at branded Marshmallow, to distinguish it from interior soaps. It cannot be purchased in the dry goods stores, as the trade-mark "Marshmallow," by mutual agreement, belongs to Pect Bros., and we decline to sell it at wholessie Try a box of the Marshmallow Soap and de cide upon its merits. See for three cakes.

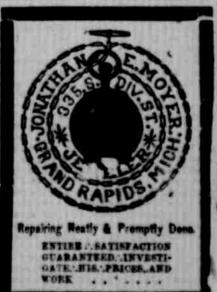
## DECRIC DOILE CTODE LECKS RUG SIAUE

Cer. Monroe and Division Sts.

\*\*\*\*\* LEONARD'S

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS. Housecleaning time is upon us and in order to do it wich as little work and worry as possible, you must have the proper utenails, fome times a low contain invested in the right thing will work wonders. "housecleaning time." Perhaps it will be a carnet stretchers, or a step ladder. For a few days we will make a run on a four foot step ladder, with shelf for pail.

Nors shell Parer, I deren aborta. Quilling Frames for erging our tains. H. LEONARDS' SONS & CO.,



STANDARD FACHION CO.'S